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LOVE IS A PAIN.

"DO YOU THINK YOUR SISTER WILL BE DOWN SOON, WILLIE?"

"YES. SHE SAID SHE WAS COMING DOWN AS SOON AS SHE COULD, SO AS TO HAVE IT OVER WITH."



GOELET SLOOP CUP, 1894.
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SURE TO RECOVER.

"DOCTOR, do you think my wife will recover?"

"Oh, yes. I told her I already had a wife picked out for you in case she didn't get well."

ON THE CHICAGO LIMITED.

FIRST NEW YORKER: I'd be better off dead.

SECOND NEW YORKER: Don't talk so loud. Everybody will think you live in Brooklyn.



"RUNNING ACCOUNT."

NOTHING ORIGINAL THERE.

"IS your boy fond of sugar on his bread?"

"Not so very."

"He is an original boy."

"Oh, no. Not so very. He wants his sugar straight."

NOT A STRANGER.

HER FATHER: What are your habits?
HER ADORER: You ought to know, sir. I have been calling on your daughter every night for three months.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. NOVEMBER 29, 1894. No. 622.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE talk about a testimonial for Dr. Parkhurst is backed by a sufficiently general concurrence of opinion that he has earned one. The *Evening Post* points out, however, that it should be a personal tribute which the Doctor can take home and put in his library or his safe, rather than a public monument, which would emphasize New York's folly in letting Tammany get control of her. If Mr. Richard Croker would let his hair grow somewhat longer, a very impressive and suitable testimonial for Dr. Parkhurst would be a lock of said Croker's said hair, with possibly a convenient portion of the scalp attached. Such a testimonial hanging unobtrusively in the Doctor's study, while not attracting too much popular notice, would be a constant and vivid reminder to him of the remarkable success of his labors for this city.



TWO admirable old men went to their long rest last week. Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was one of the links that bound the present generation to the past. There was practically only one generation between him and the fathers of the republic. After attaining to very high political distinction in early manhood he lived in comparative retirement for nearly half a century, yet throughout that long period maintained his hold on the affectionate consideration of the community around him, and died still remembered and still honored and beloved.

Dr. McCosh came to this country after middle life, yet in less than thirty years he gained a durable place in the memories of Americans and ranks as one of the best of

Americans himself. Doubtless one of the first pleasant duties that will engage his attention on the other side will be to patch up his little difficulty with that other theologian of honored memory, the late Dr. Holmes.

A CURIOUSLY unlucky gentleman is Secretary Carlisle. A statesman of high integrity and greatly honored, for substantial reasons he has managed since he has held his present post to get himself into a pretty constant succession of small scrapes. Besides the queer fact that it is a bad week for news when he is not reported to be at loggerheads with the President, he has had to bear most of the blame of an unfortunate difficulty with the architects over the construction of the new public buildings, of the rejection of Mr. St. Gaudens' designs for the World's Fair medal, for the arrest of Mr. Morton's British groom, for an attempted compromise on the silver bill, and of divers other exceptionally unpopular mischances and peccadilloes. Either Mr. Carlisle is the right man in the wrong place, or else the luck is very much against him. It is a relief to hear that he is to have a vacation and will be removed for six months at least from newspaper chidings and the possibility of misrepresentation.



THE members of the famous Woman's Club of Chicago are reported to be at loggerheads over the case a candidate for membership who is said to be a woman of talent and of a high degree of work but an octo-room. This lady's mission is to break down the color line, and some powerful members of the Woman's Club believe it is the club's duty to give her such countenance and aid as its membership implies. There is no reason why they shouldn't if the other members are willing, but if, as is reported, there is a disagreement which threatens to break up the club, they should not force the issue. It is not worth while to break up a useful organization in the effort to promote an impossibility. The question of color in this country is settling itself. White people and black should live together on terms of amity and mutual regard, but they will never live together here on terms of social equality. The effort to bring about such an equality is hopeless.

THIS year's Horse Show was quite as popular as any of its predecessors. The interest of the people of New York in their rich fellow citizens seems inexhaustible, but it has been whispered that the quality of wealth and fashion on exhibition this year was perhaps a trifle less exalted than in former shows. Horses alone will not draw the crowds that have made the Horse Show what it is. The promoters of the spectacle must see to it that their exhibition of opulent and decorative humanity is maintained in quality as well as in numbers.

THANKSGIVING.

UNCLE SAM. THOUGH MY TURKEY'S SMALL THIS YEAR, IF I'VE GOT A RESPITE FROM HILL AND TAMMANY AND BLAND, I'VE PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

NOVEMBER



FALL OF CAPRIVI.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE JUVENILE.



EXTENSION OF THE CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

HERE WE AND SORROW SIT.



TURKISH TAX-COLLECTOR IN ARMENIA.



TERRESTRIAL GLORY.



PLEASURES OF WESTERN TRAVEL.



"CHINA FIRED HERE."

BOOKBUSINESS

AN ENGLISHMAN'S STORIES OF KANSAS LIFE.

A VOLUME of short stories of American life, unusual in their origin and point of view, is published by Macmillan's, under the title "Elder Conklin," by Frank Harris. The author, as is well known, was for years the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and has recently become editor of the *Saturday Review*. But his stories are far enough away from London—their scenes being laid in Kansas and Nebraska. In our own stories of locality, the characters and color are apt to be the result of impressions absorbed in youth; you are convinced that the deepest experiences of the writer were gained in the locality he is describing. But in these tales by Mr. Harris you are continually aware that the author is aloof in sympathies from his subjects. He has studied these phases of life in the West closely and with the open mind of a trained observer of facts. You feel that nothing has escaped him, except that quality of complete possession that can only come of being the same flesh and blood as the people depicted. The peculiarities of the men and women of the story are shown with rare skill; they have the verity of a report to a Congress of Ethnology. The landscape also, and the local habits and customs, are unimpeachably set forth. The episodes are natural and yet dramatic, and every tale is interesting in itself, as well as a very capable piece of literary work.

But the one touch of "being like home folks" is lacking, and for that Mr. Harris should not be held responsible. No man could ever expect an American to write "A Window in Thrums." If you want to get at the difference read Howe's "Story of a Country Town," after you have finished "Elder Conklin."

* * *

THE translations of Maeterlinck, "The Belgian Shakespere," are now superseding the translations of Ibsen as food for talk among those who believe that a knowledge of what is newest is necessary for the elect. Of course the ultra-elect have been reading Maeterlinck in the original for several years, but the time has now arrived to pass him on to the discussions of literary societies in what Boston and New York like to call the provinces. The "lady presidents and secretaries" will be glad to know that Mr. Erving Winslow has made a very smooth and graceful translation of Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande" (Crowell), and that it has been beautifully printed on heavy paper with rough edges and gilt top. The volume is just the right size to slide in a reticule or a muff on a cold night. It is also in good, large type, suitable for elderly maiden ladies of literary tendencies.

It is fair to warn the lady secretaries, however, that there are some things in the conduct of the fair *Mélisande* that



"SAY, IS THERE A FELLAR WITH A WOODEN LEG BY THE NAME OF SMITH LIVIN' HERE?"
"WHAT'S THE NAME OF HIS OTHER LEG?"



"I'LL NEVER BE FRED'S WIFE."
 "I KNEW THAT SOME TIME AGO."
 "WHY, I NEVER TOLD YOU!"
 "NO; BUT FRED DID."

the village rector will not heartily approve, if, perchance, he should drop in upon one of the meetings of the society. However, these indiscretions occur in the kingdom of Allemonde, in a mediæval castle, so far removed in time and place from Hatboro', Mass., that even the rector may discuss them with a freedom that would not be permitted if *Mélisande* lived in an immediate suburb reached by a trolley car.

The rector may also be reconciled to Maeterlinck by his frank avowal that in writing his plays he has obliterated his own personality, and simply permitted "the universe and the eternal order of things to take up my theme."

Of course that is pretty good backing for an author, even for a Belgian Shakespeare, and the lady secretary may safely order the book!

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY, NEW YORK AND LONDON.

ANIMAL'S RIGHTS. By Henry S. Salt. *Vivisection in America.*
 By Albert Leffingwell, M. D.
A Drama in Dutch. By Z. Z.

Old English Songs. With Illustrations, by Hugh Thomson. Introduction by Austin Dobson.
Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson. By William Winter.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Voyage of the Liberdade. By Captain Joshua Slocum.
Catherine de Medici. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.
Another Girl's Experience. By Leigh Webster.

AT THE THEATRE.

SHE: Would you not like to go out and "see a man?"

HE: Why, no; I would not think of it.

SHE: But, really, I sha'n't object in the least.

HE: How absurd! How can you say such a thing?

SHE: Well, to tell the truth, I want to see a man myself, and I know he won't come over while you are here.

ASSISTANT: I've the greatest freak in the world here.
 MUSEUM MANAGER: What is it?

ASSISTANT: A farmer who speaks the dialect we get in magazine short stories.

WAS IT A HORSE SHOW?

WHATEVER you may choose to call it, the great Anglo-American Show was a success not only financially but as an exhibition of clothes. The "society reporter," and he probably represents the feeblest development of the human brain, had a whole week's wallowing in the vacuous slush of his unmanly trade. For seven consecutive days he glutted himself with the familiar names he loves so well. In descriptions of expensive clothing he became maudlin in his joy.

But the lover of the horse found less to satisfy him. He saw plenty of showy traps and the latest thing in harnesses, and he saw how the English hold the reins when driving for effect.

The horse is a fine animal, and he has hosts of admirers who love him for his own sake, and to them there is something unsatisfying in a show in which it is an event worth recording when Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tayler, the latter wearing a dress of dark green and black embroidered cloth, and a short jacket of astrachan, make a tour of the exhibition.

Now Mr. T. Suffern Tayler, although unknown to fame, may arch his neck, keep his ears well forward and show the finest back action, but there are thousands of us who could have restrained our curiosity in regard to him until the show was over. And dozens of people are living right here in the State of New York who really didn't care what Mrs. Tayler had on. As they are doubtless a worthy couple at heart, it does seem that even a society reporter might know enough to let them alone.

But the society reporter is not only ignorant and cruel, but he is often misleading. He tells us, for instance, that



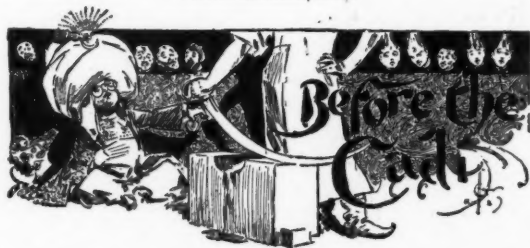
A VOICE FROM FLORIDA.

"Hi! SOMEBODY COME HERE QUICK, THERE'S A BEE GOT IN THIS HAMMOCK, AND I CAN'T GET OUT!"

"Archie Pell, in a new suit of gray tweed, escorted his wife and Miss Morris, of Baltimore, around the ring."

We have no doubt the band struck up a stirring air as this trio started off, and the audience probably felt a thrill of enthusiasm, but what happened? Did they get a ribbon? And of what color? Did they go singly for speed, or in twos for action? Or was it tandem? But the writer mentioned the names and the clothes, and that is all it is fair to expect of him.

While our Horse Show may be a gigantic and dazzling failure in all its serious pretensions, it certainly gives a tremendous impulse and encouragement to the glorification of the unimportant.



"WOULD your sublime greatness please to arouse yourself from your trance for a few minutes?" asked Mustapha deferentially.

"Holy Allah!" exclaimed the Cadi as he opened his eyes and yawned in a very un-Cadilike fashion, "did I hear the bulbul singing to the rose or was it the sound of your mezzobasso voice, Mustapha?"

"I was asking your highness if you would listen to the plaint of a merchant who is in distress," replied Mustapha.

"Sure, Mike—I mean Mustapha," said the Cadi. "What else, in the name of the Prophet, am I here for? Bring on all the merchants you've got. What is it man? Why have you approached the carpet of audience?"

"Justice, your highness; I crave justice!"

"Then you have come to the right shop for the only all-wool, fast color, unshrinkable and yard-wide justice that there is in this county. State your case."

"I have two daughters, oh, well-spring of wisdom, and they are wayward—"

"That's not remarkable. But proceed."

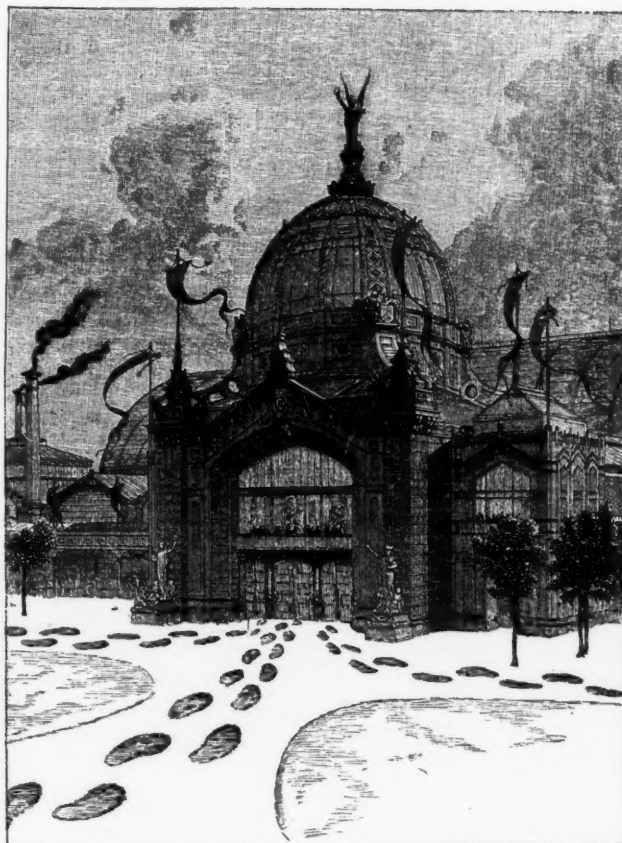
"And they are beggaring me by buying theatre tickets. They have a sort of madness for actors, and no matinee occurs at which they are not present. And not only do they waste my substance so, but they also send flowers and scarf-pins and neckties to the objects of their madness."

"Mustapha," said the Cadi, "does a case like this fall within the jurisdiction of our court?"

"The righting of no wrong is foreign to your highness's clemency."

"Well, merchant," asked the Cadi, "have you ever tried spanking as a remedy for your grievance?"

"I would willingly spank the actors, your highness, but they are too stalwart for an old man like me and my daughters are too old for such chastisement."



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.

BLOOMINJOY'S ROCK, WITH PREHISTORIC INSCRIPTION, IDAHO.

YOUNG LADIES SEMINARY OF SOLID BRASS, CHICAGO.

"What do you want me to do then? Have your daughters locked up, or bastinadoed?"

"Min Allah—God forbid—your highness. They are not bad girls but only the victims of a sort of madness which no physician can heal, so I come to you for the wisdom of your advice."

"It is well. Mustapha!"

"Your highness!"

"Send out the janizaries and capture thirty or forty actors."

"It is as good as done, your highness."

"Then provide each day, for thirty days, a dinner for them at this merchant's expense."

"But, your sublimity," exclaimed the merchant, "I am not a millionaire!"

"Let the dinner consist of pork and beans, Mustapha. And, Mustapha, if at any time any actor should talk of anything but himself——"

"Such a thing is not possible, your highness."

"Silence. If by any chance he should make this fatal error let him be bastinadoed at once. Merchant, if at the end of thirty days your daughters are not cured of their madness and have any desire ever again to know an actor, do you return hither and further justice shall be done."

"Mobarek—may you be fortunate——" said the merchant as he withdrew, "and may the blessing of Allah ever rest on your highness's head."

"Mustapha," asked the Cadi as he closed the audience, "do you not think that as a Cadi I *prends le gateau*?"

"Not only that, your highness, but the whole *cuisine*," replied Mustapha, cautiously winking the other eye. *Metcalf.*

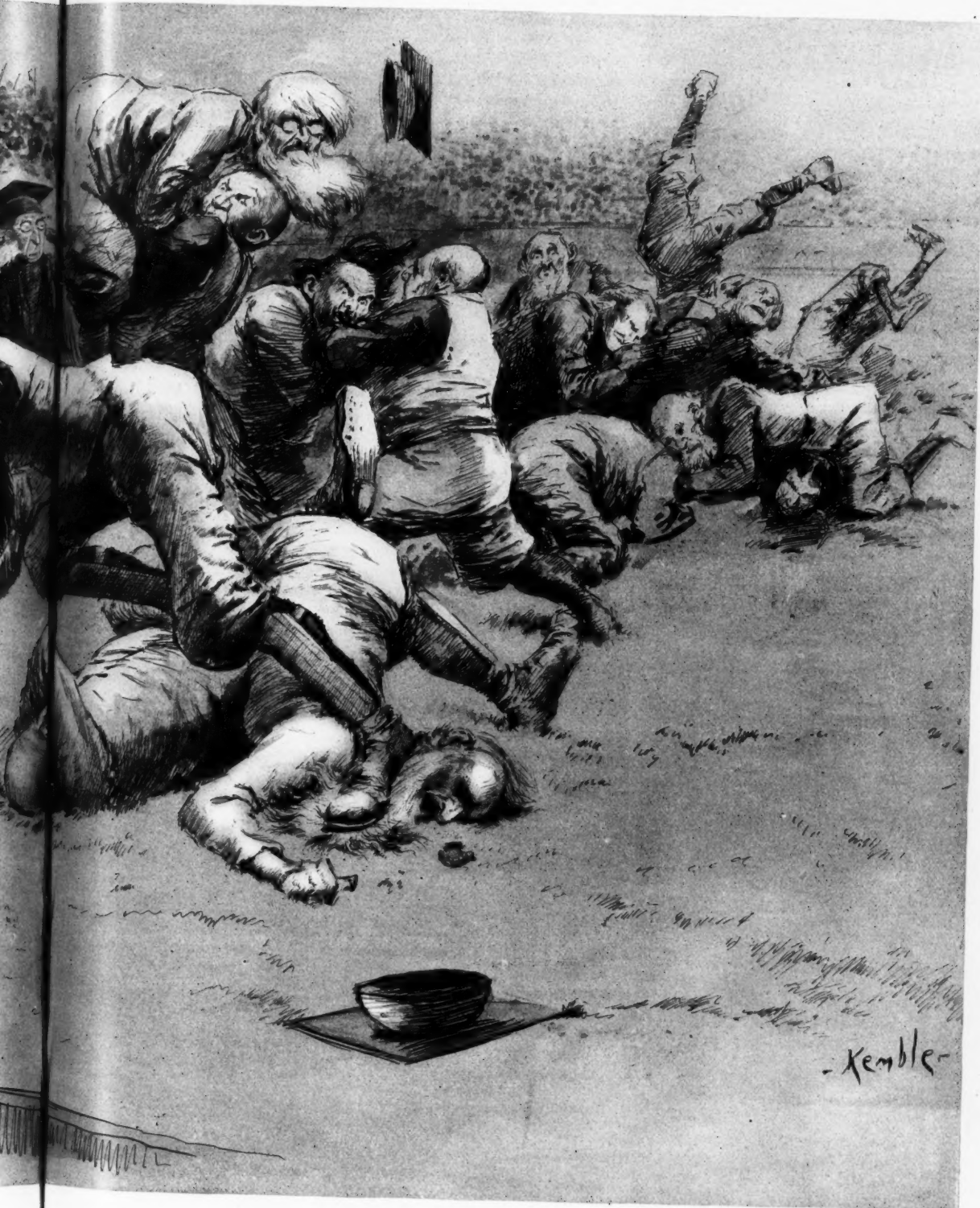
HAYRICK: The bunco man told Hanks he looked upon him as one out of a thousand.

TREETOP: Taffy.

HAYRICK: Not a bit of it. Hanks realized the full force of the remark next day.



A NEW FEATURE FOR INTERCOLLEGIATE
TO DISCOVER WHICH COLLEGE HAS THE MOST EFFICIENT



R INCOLLEGIATE STRUGGLES.
COLLEGE THE MOST EFFICIENT FACULTY.



"PRINCE ANANIAS."

"THE Boston Ideals" was an organization long held in excellent estimation by the theatre-going people of the United States outside of New York. Under its different managements the company produced operas of the lighter class with clever artists and with a conscientious regard to perfection of performance and detail which gained for it a respectful and in many cases an enthusiastic hearing. For a long time New York city was a territory barred to its efforts. The critical audiences of New England approved it, and the generous people of the West gave it applause. The hysterical New York public refused to accept anything it could do until a legal question of title transformed this organization into "The Bostonians," and then with an opera entitled "Robin Hood" it managed to meet strange demands of the so-called metropolitan public.



MRS. DAVIS.

The success of "Robin Hood" has given "The Bostonians" a firm hold on the affections of New York. Their production of a new piece is an event of some importance to the theatre-going populace of the town. This is in itself something of a commentary on New York's popular taste which for some years has refused to grant a serious hearing to an organization that by conscientious performance sought to gain its ear.



SOME OF THE CHORUS.

The latest effort of this company, entitled "Prince Ananias," whose musical author is Mr. Victor Herbert, and whose librettist is Mr. Francis Neilson, deserves respectful consideration. The attempt of an organization which is at least trying to do good work in its particular line. It is a difficult line, as many failures prove, and when to the effort is brought

something more conscientious than a mere desire to make money, the attempt alone deserves commendation. In the present instance the management has evidently done the best in its power. There are some evidences in individual performances of wrong notions gained from previous successes, but the general impression is that a number of honest artists are trying to do the best they can according to their lights. Musically, the piece is just a little bit too pretentious. It has many of the failings of a purely popular opera without the merits that make an opera popular. There are few numbers that have claim to particular excellence from the popular point of view, and yet there is little in it that is not musicianly.



"HAS FATHER GOT HERE YET?"



MR. COWLES.

The book has clever lines, but it makes the mistake which is usually fatal in a play (and invariably in a light opera), of trying to establish an argument. The librettist seems to have a grievance against the drama of to-day and has mistakenly chosen a light opera as a vehicle to air his unhappiness.

The piece is handsomely produced. The cast includes the "Robin Hood" favorites, and it is needless to say that they do their work with perfect regard to its requirements. The principal honors are gained by an artist new to the organization, Miss D. Eloise Morgan. With a physique

THE funeral of the Czar of Russia illustrates in an impressive manner what an undertaker can do when he is given his head. It recalls what was said of President Lincoln's funeral, which was an itinerant proceeding of an analogous sort, that everything was run into the ground except the remains. The eating and drinking along the route of the procession was abundant and good, and the Russians seem to have enjoyed the occasion, but sympathy is felt for the Prince of Wales, whose tastes are not funereal, and who, after nearly three weeks of mortuary junketing, was undoubtedly glad to get back to the peaceful seclusion of his



One: WHAT IS THE USE OF HAVING A VOTE ANYWAY?

Another: WHY PAPA SAYS THAT ANY QUANTITY OF MEN WOULD COME TO SEE US BEFORE EACH ELECTION.

from which little could be expected either in voice or action, she meets, better than fairly well, the exactions of a very difficult part in both respects. Next to her, Mr. Eugene Cowles demands, deserves and receives applause. Mr. Cowles is especially favored by nature, and adds to this advantage an earnestness both artistic and unusual.

"Prince Ananias" is far from being a great comic opera. Its book is a literary freak, but as a whole the piece lies in that middle ground where it has a chance, by pruning and emendation, to become a success, but where, by neglect, it is condemned to failure.

Metcalfe.

own fireside. Even the obsequies accorded to a senator of the United States seem cheap and unobtrusive compared with the funeral the Russians gave their Czar.

THE postage-stamp editor of the esteemed New York *Sun* is not unreasonable in his censure of the new two-cent stamps. The hue of the new twos seems needlessly vivid, and exposes the Father of his Country to unkind imputations of excessive rubicundity. If Mr. Bissell would kindly bleach the new stamps a little before sending them out their effect would be better.



A LAWYER was cross-questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day, and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I'm a carpenter, sah."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declare I dunno how ter splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes' the same diffunce twixt you an' er fust-class lawyer."—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE man had informed a number of his friends that he was going down to give the editor a thumping, and his friends tried to dissuade him, because they had seen a few wrecks who had escaped. But it was no use; he was bound to go, and they couldn't prevent him. They waited across the street, however, with an ambulance to receive him when the call was finished. In about fifteen minutes he came out without even his necktie mussed and not a scratch visible.

"Hello!" they said in surprise. "He wasn't there, was he?"

"Yes he was."

"But you didn't see him?"

"Yes, I did, and I slapped his jaws and walked all over him."

"Come off—what are you giving us?"

"Straight goods."

"Didn't he make any resistance?"

"Not a bit."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Nothing. I had one of his papers in my pocket containing an insurance policy good for \$1,000 if I were killed, and for \$20 a week if I were injured, I showed it to him, and he didn't raise a finger."—*St. Louis Star.*

AN old Welsh tailor being sued by the rector for tithes, and being told these were for preaching in church, said, "I've nothing to give thee, for I never come to hear thee."

"Oh, but you could come whenever you like," said the rector, "the doors are always open."

Next day the parson threatened further proceedings, whereupon the tailor took him a bill for forty shillings.

"For what do I owe you this money?"

"For tailoring."

"For tailoring!" exclaimed the rector, "why I never was tailored by you in my life."

"Oh, but thou might'st have come and been tailored any day thou did'st like, for my doors, like thine, are always open."—*Exchange.*

GROCER: Well, my little boy, what will you have?

"Fifteen cents' worth of molasses."

GROCER (as he hands the pitcher over the counter): Where is your money?

"In the pitcher. I put it there, so as to be sure not to lose it."—*Exchange.*

THE unfortunate young man had moved his hat from place to place in the pew, but always had to move it again. His pew seemed particularly popular, and there was no abiding spot for that piece of headgear, which happened to be a shining silk hat of the most approved shape. Finally, when he was tightly wedged into one corner and there seemed to be nothing for him to do but to hold the hat tenderly on his lap for the rest of the service, he had an inspiration. The pew in front was still empty. He leaned over gently deposited his cherished head covering on the cushioned seat and gave himself up to pious reflection.

By and by the owners of that pew made a late entrance. The youth gazed at them with interest. A pretty young blonde led the way, and in looking at her fair hair and blue eyes he forgot his hat. She, conscious of his gaze, blushed properly. Then she sat down, and there was a crushing, grinding sound. She shot up again, and so did the young man. And together they surveyed the ruins of that shining silk hat, while the choir vociferously sang "Cover my defenseless head."—*Exchange.*

A LITTLE girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing. "You dear, good, obedient dolly, I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think that you would chew it so fine as that."—*Exchange.*

"Now, you young scamp," said Blinks senior, as he led his youngster out into the woodshed, and prepared to give him a dressing, "I'll teach you what is what."

"No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you teach me which is switch."—*Exchange.*

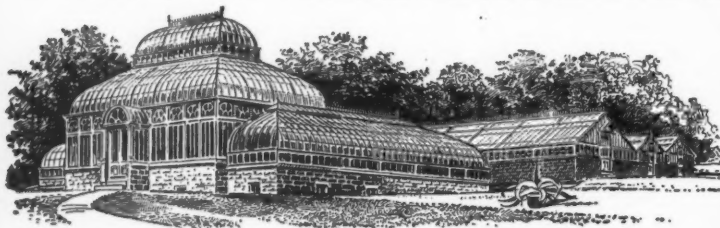
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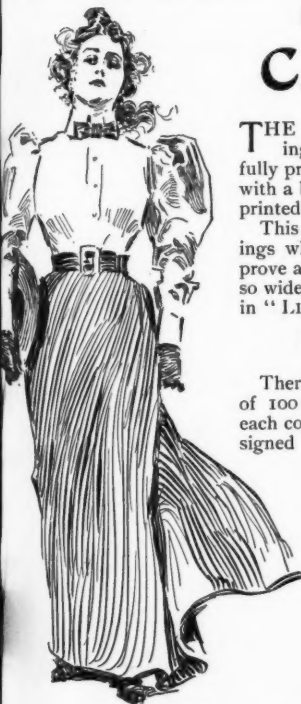
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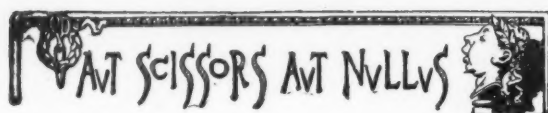
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"Yes," replied the artist.

"All right; then I want you to paint my father."

"Certainly, if he gives me a few sittings."

"Can't do it; he's dead."

"Let me have a photograph of him."

"Can't do that, neither. He never had his picture taken."

"I am afraid, then, I must decline."

"Decline! What for? Haven't you painted Moses? You didn't have a photograph of him, did you? No, I thought not. Well, my father ain't been dead nearly so long as Moses, you ought to know enough to paint my father."

Appreciating the situation, the artist went to work and evolved such a portrait as he thought might satisfy so original a son.

"Crikey!" exclaimed the art patron on seeing the completed painting, "That almost knocks the stuffing out of Moses; but, I say, how he has changed."—*Exchange.*

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JENNIE was learning to read and spell, but it was very hard for her to remember what her teacher told her about pronouncing a double letter when she came to one. She would say "a a" or "ee" or "tt" instead of "double a" or "double e" etc. Her teacher had one day drilled her considerably on this matter in spelling. Shortly afterward, Jennie was called on to read. The paragraph began: "Up, up, Lucy," and Jennie read it triumphantly: "Double up, Lucy!"—*Organiser.*

SCENE: An Irish cabin. Pat is ill. Doctor has just called. "Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?"

"Yes, sir, be jabers, I have! But I don't feel any better. Maybe the lid hasn't come off yet!"—*Exchange.*

CUSTOMER (getting his hair cut): Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then?
BARBER (reassuringly): Yes, sah, a small piece; but not 'nough to affect de hearin', sah.—*Exchange.*

A CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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A TEXAS military company were out on the range recently practicing at rifle-shooting. The lieutenant in command suddenly became exasperated at the poor shooting, and, seizing a gun from one of the privates, cried angrily—

"I'll show you fellows how to shoot!"

Taking a long aim, and a strong aim, and an aim altogether, he fired and missed. Coolly turning to the private who owned the gun, he said—

"That's the way you shoot."

He again loaded the weapon and missed. Turning to the second man in the ranks he remarked—

"That's the way you shoot."

In this way he contrived to miss about fifty or sixty times, illustrating to each soldier his personal incapacity, and finally he accidentally hit the target.

"And that," he ejaculated, handing the gun back to the private, "is the way I shoot."—*The Waverley.*

IN LARGER QUARTERS.

C. H. Guild & Co., the advertising agents, whose office for several years has been in the Herald Building, have moved to No. 252 Washington, up one flight. This change was made necessary by their largely increasing business. They have over double the floor space and triple the shelf space for filing papers. The new office has been fitted up with electric lights, and all possible accommodations for customers and employees. Already Mr. Guild has found it necessary to add three new men to his staff. The Guild agency has been successful from the start and now numbers among its patrons several of the large advertisers of the country. Their business is ably conducted and the agency enjoys an excellent reputation with its patrons and the newspapers. With largely increased facilities Mr. Guild is able to place advertising business in any paper the world over.

This enterprising agency makes a specialty of illustrated papers and furnish estimates free of charge.—*Boston Record, Nov. 8.*



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